

Kintsugi

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Kintsugi

by [Ahwuum](#)

Summary

When you can't trust the people around you to help you carry the weight before you crumble under the pressure, there's only one possible outcome.

Sapnap breaks. His boyfriends are there to clean up a mess of their own making.

(Or: Sapnap starts to feel left out of his relationship when Dream and George spend too much time working and ignoring him in favour of each other. But it's okay, because they make it up to him in the end.)

Notes

HI!!! I've been working on this for nearly two weeks!! This was originally meant to be part of my kinktober fic, which you can read [here!](#)

but obviously this got really long, so! I decided to make it it's own fic. It's also going to have a sequel/another part directly following this coming up sometime in the future. idk when but I have it all figured out, so expect to see that sometime soon.

For now, please enjoy this 20k fic which is half angst and like 99% bad writing LMAO

I love you all, comments would be greatly appreciated <333

It's not their fault.

He knows it isn't, he reminds himself daily not to blame them, they don't *mean* to do it. It's not *their* fault he's got a fucked up brain practically made of abandonment issues and low self esteem.

It shouldn't be their responsibility; to try and make him feel better about himself, to try and *fix* him. That's on him, it's his mess to deal with. They didn't know what they were getting into when they started dating them, he didn't explain it properly enough, didn't tell them how bad it would get.

They didn't sign up for *this*.

Logically he knows they did, he told them just how bad his brain can get some days right at the beginning, but even if he *knows* it, that doesn't silence the weird, paranoid part of him that screams that he messed it up somehow. That he undersold it, that they didn't really *get* it, they're not *prepared*. He's going to fall apart right in front of their eyes and they're not going to know what to do except leave.

They're not going to be able to fix him, and he's not going to deserve their love anymore.

(Not that he ever did in the first place.)

It's been three weeks.

Three weeks of last minute meetings, of locked doors and Sapnap always somehow ending up in bed alone.

They have three rooms in their place, one for each for the rare need of privacy and personal space, mostly used as guest rooms for friends that live too far away to visit anyway. And apparently, as they've been used for recently, icing Sapnap out.

Sapnap's room has *always* been used as the main one, because he's never really needed his own personal space. He likes sharing with his boyfriends; he has nothing to hide, no need for 'personal space' and an abundance of loneliness that means he's always eager to have at least one of his boyfriends around him at any given time.

That was meant to be the benefit to having two boyfriends; he'd never be without attention for very long, something he's always been starved for.

Except three weeks of everyone sleeping in their own separate rooms proves that to be false. He supposes he should have considered the fact that just because he has two boyfriends now doesn't mean he's automatically done something to *earn* that attention. So really, it's on him.

He knows that's not fair though, it's not about earning their attention, they've just been busy, tired, gone back to their own rooms because it's easier for them to sleep without two other people crowding them in their sleep. Easier without Sapnap there as a constant heat source, a constant annoyance with all his shifting and grabbing and sighing throughout the night.

They deserve to be able to get a good night's sleep, especially when they've been working so hard, when they've been so busy all day. The last thing they'd want at the end of a long day is to crawl into bed with *him*, needy and loud and just too fucking much. He doesn't blame them for not wanting to sleep in the same bed as someone who might slap them in the face in the middle of the

night or roll on top of them and suffocate them with his weight.

It's reasonable.

He's being *emotional* .

But it's hard to be rational when the rest of it feels so deliberate. When Dream makes George a coffee in the morning and forgets his, when he'll find them on the couch together at the end of a stressful day of trying to catch up on college assignments and get pushed away when he tries to join the cuddle pile. When George locks the door to the study and snaps at him after Sapnap opens the door without knocking and without wanting anything other than to be around him.

Maybe he's expecting too much, *being* too much. Dream doesn't have to make him a coffee every morning, that'd be unfair of him to ask. They don't have to let him lay on top of them both when the couch isn't big enough to fit all three. And George doesn't have to let Sapnap interrupt his work just so he can hang around and be in his presence like a total nuisance.

It's not *his* fault Sapnap didn't tell him he'd had a panic attack not ten minutes earlier about stupid fucking college and stupid fucking boyfriends who didn't care enough to notice him cracking under the pressure. Didn't tell him that he just wanted to be around him to shut his stupid brain up about them not wanting him anymore.

And it's *certainly* not his fault that Sapnap spent the next half fucking hour sobbing in the bathroom like a stupid child who didn't get his way or something. That's on *Sapnap* , no one else.

But it's a *little* bit their fault for not noticing, right?

For not seeing the bags under his eyes that only grow more and more each day he spends the night tossing and turning, waking up clutching cold, empty sheets and sobbing into pillows that *should* be his boyfriends'. For not noticing the near-constant shake to his hands now from the lack of sleep and the endless supply of caffeine he's been using to deal with it.

For not noticing the way he turns on his heel and walks out of the room whenever he finds the pair inside doing anything so much as holding hands or cuddling on the couch. For not noticing the way he pushes his food around his plate instead of eating on the mornings when they actually *do* have breakfast together. For not seeing the way he's lost at *least* ten fucking pounds since this whole ignoring Sapnap thing started.

He knows he shouldn't blame them, but he can't help feeling at least a little bitter about it all when Dream and George seem so happy together, oblivious to him and his struggle entirely.

They're busy, sure, but their free moments are spent hanging out with each other, being casually affectionate in ways Sapnap hasn't been shown in weeks, talking and laughing loud enough for him to hear in the other room, never inviting him to join them.

He's pretty sure they've both been sleeping in George's room every night too. Together. Without him. He's pretty sure he saw Dream tiptoeing out of his room in the early hours of the morning just a few days ago.

But hey, they just need their sleep, right?

Right.

The moment it sort of comes to a head is one that's completely innocuous, really. Under normal circumstances, with a *normal* person that isn't broken like Sapnap, it wouldn't have been anything major to write home about. It would have *stung*, sure, but it wouldn't have done what it does to him.

"Hey," he says one afternoon, poking his head into the office to find Dream still plugging away at the computer, working on something he hasn't bothered to explain to Sapnap for the past two whole days he's been doing it, "can I come in?"

Dream doesn't even look at him.

He hums, typing something on his keyboard, and Sapnap takes it as permission enough to slink his way into the room, makes his way over to the small couch besides the desk and flops onto it. He sprawls out for a moment, stretches his limbs a bit, then curls in on himself, looking up at Dream from his position and wishing he were closer, wishing he could reach out and brush away the loose hairs that have fallen out of his man bun.

Maybe if he asks, Dream will let him braid it like he used to.

"Dream--"

"Is there something you want, Sap?" He's interrupted, Dream still not breaking his eyes from the screen to look over at him, "I'm kind of busy."

Of course. He knows. Dream is busy, just like always—doesn't want him around. That's fine, he'll just make himself as small and quiet as possible, tuck himself away in the corner on the couch and pretend like he isn't here, hope that he won't notice him hovering like an annoying fly or something.

"No- no I—" he fiddles with his fingers, picks at his nails, presses his cheek into the cool leather cushions and curls into himself just that little bit more, "I don't want anything, just wanted to... Hang out."

This time Dream does glance at him, briefly, and he almost doesn't notice it, too caught up in watching his fingers as they dance across the keyboard. But he does. He looks at Sapnap. Apparently sees nothing in him worthy of attention. It's fine.

"Okay well..." Dream sighs, fingers stuttering over the keys, "just- just don't make too much noise or anything, okay? I need to focus, I'll be done soon."

Sapnap hums, shoves his hands between his knees to stop himself from digging his nails into his palms like he wants to. "I'll be quiet." He whispers, and stays true to his word, remaining deathly silent for as long as he possibly can.

It's not easy, not in the slightest; all he wants to do is crawl into Dream's lap and press his face into his neck, breathe him in and bury himself deep into Dream's skin. He wants to stay there, nestled into him. He wants George's hands in his hair, Dream's on his waist. Kisses pressed into his hair, affection whispered into his ear.

He can't stop thinking about it. About them. About how much he misses it; the casual affection he'd had access to near constantly, stripped away from him with a cruel apathy. It's his fault for getting too comfortable, he knows, for taking it for granted. He let himself believe he deserves it.

He knows he promised Dream he wouldn't disturb him, he'd be quiet, but he just can't help himself, drawn in by the loose hairs hanging down his cheeks, falling into his eyes.

If he doesn't say anything then that's not breaking his promise right?

So he pushes himself up from the couch slowly, as silently as he can, the need to be near his boyfriend overriding his need to please them. If he's quiet, Dream can't get mad at him. If he does something nice, Dream will appreciate it, won't he? If he helps him relax, get those pesky hairs out of his face, then that's not distracting him, that's helping him not get too stressed out. He knows how poorly Dream manages his workload when frazzled.

The moment he starts moving, he watches Dream's eyes dart in his direction for the briefest of seconds, faintly wishes they could stay on him longer even if he knows why they can't. Luckily, he doesn't seem to push his luck too far just by moving, Dream ignores him almost completely, fingers only slowing on his keyboard slightly being the only indication that he's actually paying attention.

Sapnap moves as slow as he can without it being distracting in and of itself, crossing the small distance between the couch and Dream's chair with a few strides. He settles himself behind it, lowering his chin onto the top of the chair and brushing his nose along the back of Dream's neck.

He breathes slowly for a moment, appreciating the smell of freshly washed hair and the coconut oil moisturizer Dream likes to use in the winter. He feels him shiver underneath the gentle touch, hears the soft hum he gives when Sapnap reaches his fingers up and brushes them over the top of his hair.

It's been a few hours since Dream showered and put his hair up, so it's only natural that it would have started to fall out by now. Dream's never been one to sit very still, constantly wiping at his forehead and petting through his hair as he works, not even realising what he's doing until he's already done it.

He moves his fingers from the top of Dream's hair to the bun, then straightens, bringing both his hands to his hair now to help get the band out without yanking on his hair and hurting him. That would definitely count as distracting.

"Sapnap-"

He shushes him, stops himself from grimacing when Dream huffs in return. It's fine, he's still letting Sapnap touch him, so he can't be *too* annoyed.

After a few moments of tugging, he manages to get the hairband free of Dream's hair, quickly brushing it back from his face when Dream grunts and drums his fingers on his desk briefly before returning them to the keyboard. Some of it is still slightly damp from his shower, the locks underneath still clumped together and cold. He can't imagine it's very comfortable for him.

Dream continues typing, albeit a little slower than before, and Sapnap drags his fingers through his hair gently, hesitating when they get caught on small knots and coming back to them with a gentle touch until he can run them through smoothly. It's a slow process, but he manages it after a while, eventually being able to run his fingers through every section of his hair without them snagging.

Once he's satisfied with Dream's hair, Sapnap leans over the back of his chair, presses his lips to the back of Dream's neck as he tucks a stray bit of hair behind his ear. He hears his breath hitch and smiles against warm skin, moving to massage his scalp as he presses wet, open-mouthed kisses against his neck, moving slowly down along the side.

Might as well make the most of this while he's here, right? Give Dream a few loving kisses before he resigns himself to finishing his hair and returning to his spot on the couch again.

He feels more than hears the way Dream hums when he trails his fingers from his hair to the other side of his neck, lips planted gently on his throat, and lets himself smile for a moment. Let's himself *believe*.

"Sapnap—" Dream interrupts when he rubs his other hand along Dream's bicep, warm and comforting—or so he thought, "stop." And he grabs his wrist, shrugs him off entirely before turning around in his chair to face him.

Sapnap stumbles back a step, shrinking underneath the annoyed look Dream levels at him. "What? I was just—"

"You were just? What, trying to distract me? Because that's what you were doing. Even though I told you I was busy," the tone of Dream's voice makes him shrink even more, stuffing his hands into his pockets rather than wrapping them around himself so he doesn't look *entirely* pathetic, "if you want to fuck that badly, go bother George, he might not be as busy."

And then he turns back in his chair, leaving Sapnap standing there, staring at the back of his head in shock.

He hadn't been trying to *seduce* him or anything fucking stupid like that. He's not dumb, he knows that's not going to work. He just—

He just wanted to *touch* him, to help him relax, to be near him. To have Dream at least acknowledge his existence. But all he's done is piss him off even more.

"But I wasn't—"

"Sapnap, *please*," Dream sighs, sounding properly angry now, and making Sapnap flinch at the volume of his voice, "I'm trying to work. Just— I'll be done soon, alright? Until then, can you please just. Go."

He forces himself not to whimper, to not let the sting in his eyes turn into proper tears as he balls his hands into fists in his pockets, digs his nails into his palms hard enough that he's sure he must have broken the skin.

"Okay." Is all he says, surprising himself at how easy it is to make his voice sound normal. He doesn't want Dream worrying about him being upset; it's not his fault, he'd asked Sapnap not to distract him in pretty certain terms and he'd just gone and decided he didn't *like* that. He'd been selfish, asked for too much.

"Thank you," Dream says, still sounding annoyed, but voice a little softer now, "close the door on your way out, will you?"

He does. He closes the door as softly as he can, presses his face against it and rests his knuckles against the cool wood, regret and guilt twisting his guts into knots. Still, he pushes the tears aside, pushes all of it down.

Slowly, Sapnap lets himself fall to his knees, remaining as silent as he can as he tilts his head to press his cheek flat against the wood, his fingers mindlessly tracing the grooves of the middle panels for lack of anything better to do while he waits. Because that's what he's doing; waiting. Waiting patiently for Dream to be done so he can apologise properly, try and make it up to him somehow.

He doesn't even know how he would, but he wants to find a way. He wants to fix this. He wants to fix *all* of it, everything he's clearly been doing wrong for the past three weeks, whatever it is. This can't keep going on forever.

So he waits. He waits on his knees until his feet start to go numb, until his knees start to hurt and he has to move to sitting cross legged like he's a fucking kid again. And still he waits.

At least an hour goes by, and Sapnap begins to wonder if Dream was just trying to get him off his back when he said he'd be done soon. But then again, 'soon' is a relative term, it could really mean anything. Soon for Dream could have meant 2 or even 3 hours.

That's fine. He can wait that long. He just needs to make sure he's there when Dream is done so he can talk to him. Sapnap will wait by the door for as long as it takes, and when he hears Dream turn off the computer and start moving around inside, he'll bolt down the hallway like nothing ever happened, walk back inside and act like he just happened to come across him when he intercepts him on his way back to his room.

And then Dream won't worry about Sapnap's feelings instead of being rightly annoyed at him. He won't be guilt-tripping him into accepting an apology.

But the longer he waits, the worse he feels, the more impatient he gets, wanting desperately to just make it up to him already so he can stop this nauseating twisting feeling in his gut from the guilt. He needs closure, to know what he's been doing wrong, to know how to fix it so he can go back to his boyfriends loving him again.

The minutes tick by slower than they maybe ever have, time flowing like fucking mollassus, only getting slower each and every time Sapnap pulls his phone from his pocket to check how long it's been. He doesn't let himself use it to make the time pass quicker, doesn't try and distract himself, using each second to plan out exactly what he's going to say to Dream once he gets the chance instead.

He works out an entire speech in his head, repeats every line until he memorises it, until he makes it impossible to screw it up.

'Oh hey Dream, good timing actually, I just wanted to say sorry for earlier. I know I was being really annoying, I knew you were busy working, and I still kept bugging you like an idiot. You know how much of an attention whore I am, haha. You were right to be mad at me, I won't do it again I promise. Please let me make it up to you?'

He's not sure how he'll transition into the whole 'what have I been doing the past three weeks to make you hate me?' thing, but he'll figure it out once he actually gets talking. Probably.

Around the two hour mark he hears movement from George's room down the hall, spends a couple of seconds debating whether or not he's going to come out of his room and if he should move. He doesn't want to leave his spot if George isn't actually going to come out into the hallway and see him, doesn't want to move away from the door for even a second just in case he misses Dream finishing and leaving.

But then he hears George's hand fumble with the door handle and springs to his feet, bolting down the hallway as quietly as he can, and slowing down to a normal pace once he hears George step out into the hallway.

It's kind of weird that he feels the need to literally run away from his boyfriend, right? But it's not like he's scared of George being upset or anything, he just wants to avoid the humiliation of

George catching him waiting outside Dream's door like a kicked puppy. So it's not *that* weird. It's funny, really.

He'll look back on this and laugh.

"Oh hey Sap," George greets him the moment he spots him down the hall, and he turns, tries not to look too guilty as he faces him, "what are you doing out here? I thought you had an essay."

He swears the way his eyes narrow is ever so slightly judgemental. Sapnap squirms uncomfortably, shrugs and forces a laugh. "Yeah, I just. Need snacks, you know? Can't focus if I don't feed my sugar addiction."

Truth is he'd entirely forgotten his stupid essay, too caught up in his crumbling relationship to focus on his schoolwork. He'd only meant to hang around Dream for maybe 20 minutes, get his mind off the fact that his assignments are piling up to the point of being impossible to finish on time. The fact that his extensions are running close to their deadlines and the essay he's *supposed* to be working on *right now* is a day late after already getting an extension *twice*.

He'd just wanted to clear his head so he could focus, crack down and force himself into putting pen to paper.

He'd been so sure all he needed was to steal some of Dream's attention for a bit, and now look at him.

Running from them. Hiding from them. Feeling guilty for reaching out when he feels like he's about to crack under the pressure at any moment. When that's what they're *supposed* to be there for.

"Oh, right," George says, then pulls up his phone to check a notification, not looking back up at him as he waves him off, "well. Go get some snacks then get back to work, okay? You need to get it done so you can start working on your other late assignments. How long have you got left on your extension?"

Sapnap shifts his weight, shuffling his feet as he sticks his hands in his pockets again, not daring to even look in George's direction. "Oh, you know," he says, "enough. I'll be done by tonight for sure."

He hates lying to him, but he doesn't want another stern scolding from George. He already knows he should be working harder, he just can't help it, he can't focus. And having his boyfriends be disappointed in him won't help. It's better if they think he's got a handle on things. They don't need to be worried about him; he can handle himself *just* fine, he can fix this mess he's gotten himself into all on his own.

"Good," George says simply, then locks his phone and glances up at him, "you said your teacher was nice, right? Hopefully it won't affect your grade, just make sure you get it in as soon as possible."

The smile George gives him is polite, and all Sapnap can do is nod, give him a forced smile in return and turn around as quickly as he can, ducking into the kitchen so he can grab something to eat to make his story believable. He forces down the bile in the back of his throat, blinks away unshed tears and tells himself to stop being a baby about this.

George cares about him, he just wants to make sure Sapnap is on top of his grades. He just doesn't want to see him fail.

But he can't help the bitter guilt that weighs heavy on his chest from lying. From failing and not telling them. For crumbling under the stress and basically throwing their money down the toilet when he has to repeat classes again at the end of the year.

They work so hard—all so he can go to college, so he can get himself a degree and get a job to pay them back. That's the entire reason he's going to college, to make it easier on them all. And yet here he is, wasting their precious money because he's a stupid fucking idiot who's too lazy to do his schoolwork and too scared of his own boyfriends to reach out and ask for help.

He forces himself from spiralling thoughts as he rifles through the pantry and grabs out a half-empty bag of doritos and an energy drink from the fridge. The last one. He'll have to go get more later.

He comes back out into the hallway and makes to go back to his room when he hears voices. Dream and George. He spots the open door to the office, feels bitter jealousy stabbing into his heart, filling him like poison until it seeps into every inch of his skin.

It only gets worse when he creeps closer as silently as he can, when he listens in as intently as he possibly can and hears exactly what they're saying.

“-your hair down? It's all in your face, you hate that.” It's George's voice speaking, piquing Sapnap's curiosity even more. He pokes his head round the doorframe slightly, just enough to see them, briefly glancing down at the hairband still around his wrist and feeling another twist of guilt run through him. He'd meant to put Dream's hair back into a neat bun again, but then he'd gotten too distracted kissing him and-

Well, instead of making things better for Dream, he's only made them worse.

“Ugh, Sapnap,” Dream groans, tilting his head into George's touch just slightly, finishing up whatever he was typing before turning to look at him, “he came in and started bugging me, pulled my hair out and started playing with it. You know how he is.”

George hums and Sapnap flinches. *You know how he is.*

Well Sapnap doesn't. How *is* he, exactly? He wishes one of them would just fucking tell him already so he could just fix it and things could go back to the way they were.

“You got another hairband? I'll put it back up for you. How much longer have you got left do you think?” George asks, brushing the hair from Dream's eyes before trailing his fingers down along his cheek and gipping loosely onto his chin.

Dream looks so happy when he leans into it that Sapnap wants to puke. The bitter jealousy from before spikes inside him again, every nerve thrumming with it as it slowly seeps into his bones, his core. His very being.

He doesn't *want* to be jealous. He knows he shouldn't be, they're all boyfriends, they're all allowed time with each other individually. It wouldn't be fair if Dream got jealous when he spent time with George, or vice versa, so he should expect the same from himself, right? But his heart doesn't care about fair it seems.

All his heart cares about is the fact that he's *always* second best, second choice. The fact that Dream and George seem to always be the dynamic duo and he's just the third wheel, tacked onto everything they do, awkward and out of place. Everyone knows it. *He* knows it, always has. He's just having trouble ignoring it like he used to when he had two loving, reassuring boyfriends to

constantly shower him in praise and affection.

“It’s alright, I only have like ten minutes left, I can take a break and come back to it later?” Dream’s voice is hopeful, pleading even, like he just can’t wait to spend every second possible with him.

Of course, when *George* is around, he’ll drop anything for *his* attention.

“No it’s alright, I can just hang around till you’re done if it’s only ten minutes,” George waves him off, pulling away from him and moving to curl up on the very same couch Sapnap had been laying on a few hours ago, “I want to talk to you about something and it might take a while, best not break your flow.”

Dream smiles, turns back to his computer. “Okay, sure,” he says, and Sapnap lets himself slip back away from the doorframe, barely managing not to rustle the bag of chips with how badly his hands shake, “good thing or bad thing?”

George starts to speak, and Sapnap runs away before he can hear him say a single word.

I want to talk to you about something.

Something. *Something.*

It might take a while. What the fuck does George need to talk to Dream about that might take a while? What could he need to discuss that would take that long that didn’t involve Sapnap?

Unless it’s *about* him. Unless George has finally realised—as he’s always dreaded he would—that he doesn’t really love Sapnap anymore. That his bad qualities have finally started to outweigh the good. The shine’s worn off and all that’s left is him and his boring self. Him and his *annoying* self that’s too needy, too loud and altogether just too *much*.

And now he’s going to tell Dream. And Dream is going to realise he doesn’t love him anymore either. They’re going to talk about it, convince each other the only thing left to do is just dump him, rip the bandaid off.

He shouldn’t have left them alone to do it, he should have jumped in, tried to convince them not to, should have begged them not to leave, maybe it would have convinced them. He could take them staying with him out of pity, it’d be better than the alternative.

But then again, he’d rather die than ever hurt either of them, make them do things they don’t want to. He doesn’t want to guilt them into staying with him, even if he thinks he’d probably die if they left.

Besides, he’s too much of a coward to hear the confirmation, he’s terrified of hearing the words he’s been waiting *so* long for. He’ll just run instead, hide himself away back in his room and pretend like his boyfriends aren’t talking about dumping him just down the hallway.

There’s nothing he can do to distract himself from it, though, there’s no way to pretend. He *can’t*, the words replay inside his head on loop, the potential outcomes from them spinning around him like a spider’s web, catching him and tangling each of his limbs, twisting, turning, cocooning him in it until all he can think is that there’s no *way* that they *aren’t* talking about leaving him right now.

The more he thinks about it, the more he comes to terms with it. Not that it stops the panic crashing into him in huge, unstoppable waves; it just makes it worse. He knows it’s coming.

They're going to leave him. He's going to be alone. He'll probably die without them.

Maybe it's melodramatic, but he's not sure he'd have the will to take care of himself anymore if they decided they didn't want him. He'd let himself wither away in his grief, resign himself to his fate. If Dream and George don't want him, then what's the point? Nobody cares about him anyway.

The well overdue essay is long forgotten, as is his bag of doritos and monster, thrown haphazardly onto his bedside table the moment he closed the door behind him. He watches the condensation dripping down the side of the can, eyes tracking the droplets as they slowly grow, then trail their way along the aluminum, eventually making their way to the wood, forming into a small puddle around the can.

He's not sure why a stupid energy drink captures his attention in a moment like this, but he can't stop watching it. Can't stop thinking about how funny it is, how normal things remain while his world crumbles around him. It's not fair that time gets to go on like usual, people living their lives, going about their days, stupid fucking drinks dripping with condensation like he isn't fucking *dying*.

It doesn't seem fair.

He watches the can go from dripping wet to completely dry, curled up on top of his blankets, feet hanging off the mattress because he's still got his shoes on, too lazy to kick them off when he'd thrown himself upon the bed hours earlier. He goes from panic to numbness back to panic again at least three or four times in the entire time he's there, each time wishing he were the other.

Panic is panic, obviously it's bad. Numbness... Numbness sounds nice, in theory, but there's something horrifyingly sinister to the hollowness that fills his chest every time it comes. Numbness feels like dying. And maybe he is, it would only make sense. But that doesn't make it easy to accept, doesn't make it pleasant to think about.

When around the fifth wave of panic hits him, Sapnap starts thinking.

If they're going to leave him in the morning, if he's going to lose them regardless of what he does, then maybe it might just be worth it to twist the knife in a little deeper while he still has the chance. Maybe he can let himself pretend for just one night that everything's okay and that he's loved. That he's wanted.

He pushes himself up into sitting position, shuffles until his feet hanging off the edge of the bed can touch the floor, wills himself to stop shaking enough to actually be able to stand up. There's no stopping it completely, not at this point anyway, but he manages to remain steady enough as he pushes himself off the bed that he doesn't immediately fall back to his knees.

He leaves the untouched essay, half empty bag of doritos and warm energy drink behind him, and he doesn't look back as he steps out into the hall.

Since he's pretty sure George and Dream have been sharing a room, he doesn't waste time looking in different rooms for them, he heads straight to George's room and confirms he's inside by the flickering patch of light he can see under the crack. His fingers fumble against the doorknob from how badly he's shaking, and he manages to remind himself just in time to knock before he just slams the door open and barges in.

He barely brushes his knuckles against the wood the first time, the sound quiet enough that he doesn't blame George for not responding. The second time is louder, but still fairly quiet, and when there's a slight pause after, Sapnap wonders if he should try a third time or just cut his losses here.

But then he hears George's soft voice float through the air, "Yeah?" he calls, and Sapnap takes that as his cue to enter. He turns the knob with unsteady fingers, pushes the door open a crack and peeks his head inside.

"George?" he squints into the dark, just barely able to see his boyfriend's face, dimly illuminated by his phone screen, pointed in his direction. Completely alone. "Isn't... Isn't Dream sleeping with you?" His voice is so much smaller than he'd meant for it to come out, and Sapnap only hopes George had actually been able to hear him as he squints across the darkness.

He lingers in the doorway awkwardly, too nervous to push the door open any further, to risk the possibility of overstepping his bounds. He thinks he can see George frown back at him, then tilt his head slightly. "What? No, you know we've been sleeping alone, I've been busy."

Oh. So he was wrong, then. They haven't been sharing a room. He could've *sworn* he'd seen Dream leaving George's room those few days earlier. Maybe George is lying to him to spare his feelings, then. Maybe he just doesn't want to upset Sapnap and have to deal with his stupid jealousy. That's fine. He can play along, spare George the awkward conversation.

"Oh, right, sorry," he says for lack of anything better to say, then starts shuffling his feet nervously and staring down at them instead of meeting George's eye, "So..."

George raises his eyebrow, closes his phone screen to give Sapnap his full attention, stripping him of the light required to see his expression. "So...? Is there something you want, Sapnap?"

He misses the light immediately, the tone of George's voice unclear in the dark. He can't tell if he's annoyed, bored, or concerned. "I-" his voice cracks, and he clears his throat before trying again, "I just- I wanted- can I, um- can I sleep with you tonight, George? I promise I won't move around or anything. Or I could just stay for a little bit and then leave, whatever you want, I just-"

"Sapnap," he hadn't realised how shaky his voice had been getting, how breathless and pathetic he sounds, "come here."

He can't see George's face, but he can see the way he opens his arms, the movement clear in the dark and the shifting of fabric a dead giveaway. Sapnap doesn't waste any time.

He stumbles in his haste to get inside, the door closing behind him a little louder than he'd meant to and his foot catching on an uneven patch of carpet, but he quickly rights himself, gives George a wobbly smile that he's sure he can't see in the dark, and rushes over to crawl onto the mattress and fall into George's arms.

"Why do you have shoes on?" He asks plainly right as Sapnap reaches the edge of his bed and he flushes, moves to kick them off quickly before sliding a knee onto the bed, reaching out to steady himself.

"I don't know," Sapnap says honestly, "from earlier. I went outside. I just... Never took them off."

George ignores the way he snuffles as soon as he gets himself under the covers and crawls into his arms, ignoring the way Sapnap trembles in them, the way his breathing comes out uneven, stuttering.

They say nothing as Sapnap settles himself in place, George probably uncomfortable and just not sure what to say to get him out of his room, and Sapnap knowing he's being selfish, but relishing the way George's arms curl protectively around him anyway. He lets himself pretend, lets himself fall into a dream where his boyfriends both still love him, want him.

Well, George at least. Dream isn't here to help him indulge in his little fantasy right now, but maybe he can catch him in the morning, steal a few hours before George wakes up and they make their move. For now, he'll take what he can get.

"Do you want to talk about it?" George asks him after a long, long moment of silence, voice quiet, careful. Polite, obviously. Because he has to ask, not because he wants to.

Sapnap hums no, pushes his nose into George's neck and hopes he won't mention the wet eyelashes tickling his skin. It's worse, when George presses him closer, holds him tighter, runs his hand along the curve of his back and acts like he fucking *means* it. He could almost be fooled that he cares.

But this is what he wanted, to twist the knife in just that little bit deeper.

There's another long stretch of silence and Sapnap shakes in his arms, but George doesn't mention it. Doesn't bring up his small, hitched breaths, the tears which are flowing freely down his cheeks, pressed into his neck. He holds his shoulder blade with a firm touch, lets his other rub up and down along his spine, slow but consistent. Normally, it might be enough to lull him to sleep.

Tonight it makes him weep.

"You've lost weight," George murmurs as his touch shifts, falling to Sapnap's sides, "a lot."

He laughs quietly, doesn't pull away to face him like he normally would, afraid that George will bring up his tear stained cheeks once he can actually see them. "Yeah," he smiles, feels a small surge of hope bubble up inside him, "good, right? I reckon at least ten pounds, maybe closer to fifteen. I haven't weighed myself recently but my stomach looks a lot better, right?"

George's fingers tighten slightly on his waist, then pull away, his left curling up his back until his fingertips reach Sapnap's shoulder, his other returning to the soothing rubbing motions as he props his chin on Sapnap's other shoulder.

"Just... Seems like a lot." He sighs, and there's a worried tone to his voice that makes his gut twist awfully with guilt once more. With disappointment and shame.

George isn't even attracted to him enough to care when he loses weight anymore, he wouldn't be good enough even if he got skinny and pretty like them. And now he's just gone and worried him, made him think he's not taking care of himself—which he isn't, really, but that's not the point.

He doesn't want another guilt trip. This isn't *their* fault.

"It's not- not *that* much, really," Sapnap says, grabbing onto the front of George's shirt and balling his hand into a fist to stop the shaking, "you just haven't noticed me losing weight for a while. I'm okay."

His voice breaks and he knows it's a dead giveaway that he's anything *but* okay, but George doesn't mention it. He lets the silence hang heavy in the air while Sapnap shakes against him, pretends not to hear the sniffing filling the silent room, pretends not to feel the tears soaking into his skin.

It's fine, it's good, they can both indulge a little in this daydream, act like nothing's wrong, like George still loves him and that Sapnap's fine, he's not going to break the second this all comes crashing down on his head.

"Are you *sure* you don't want to talk about it?" George asks him again, voice soft in Sapnap's ear,

comforting in a way it has no right to be as he feels fingers push into his hair, brushing through the soft locks and then trailing down along the back of his neck.

“I’m fine.” Sapnap answers, willing it to be true. The fingers at his neck splay until his palm is flat against Sapnap’s neck, and George tilts his head ever so slightly, brushes his lips just behind the shell of his ear.

“Okay,” he whispers, lays a kiss there as he holds Sapnap tight, “okay.”

And he holds him. He just holds him, doesn’t say anything else while Sapnap shakes and snuffles and buries himself deep into his neck until he can barely find his way out again.

Sapnap isn’t sure when he falls asleep, unable to stop the panic crawling under his skin for at least half an hour before he starts to fade in and out. It happens before George falls asleep, though, he remembers the fingers back in his hair, soothing touches along his back, incomprehensible whispers against his skin.

It almost feels normal and for a few moments it’s like his body forgets, the panic seeping away with each second Sapnap spends in his arms.

He doesn’t remember his dream, and when he wakes, he’s alone.

It takes him less than thirty seconds to come to the realisation that it’s too late once he’s realised George is gone. He’d gotten one last night of feeling loved by *him*, but he’s missed his opportunity with Dream. However long ago it was since he was last shown affection by Dream was the last time he’d ever get it. And he hadn’t even known.

Sapnap lays there, curled up in sheets that smell too much like George and not enough like laundry detergent and dust from misuse. How has he let it get to this point?

Was he too much? Constantly bugging them for their attention when they were clearly busy? Or not enough, letting them slip away, letting their interest in him die, letting them get bored? He wishes he could turn back time and do it all again, fix whatever mistake he’s made.

But he can’t.

Instead he lays there and wallows in it for the longest time, unmoving for a good ten minutes because he just can’t face the music just yet. After a certain point there’s no more delaying, though, his stomach growling from hunger after about 16 hours since his last ‘meal’. If you could even call half a bowl of instant ramen and a cup of coffee a meal.

He doesn’t want to eat, but when the ceiling starts to spin and his head starts to feel like it’s going to bust open from the pressure, Sapnap decides he needs to just suck it up and venture out into the kitchen, hope he doesn’t run into his two boyfriends along the way.

But of course, the moment he steps out into the hall, he sees Dream’s door slightly adjacent, hears voices coming from within. Immediately, he makes to go hide himself back in George’s room, starvation be damned, but the door had creaked when he’d opened it, and before he can even take one step back inside, he hears footsteps.

George pokes his head out of Dream's room and Sapnap freezes like a deer caught in headlights, hand going slack on the doorknob as his boyfriend steps out into the hallway properly, frowning at him from across the way.

"You're awake," he says, takes a tentative step forward before hesitating, "do you-"

"I need to have a shower," Sapnap interrupts him, blurting out the first thing that comes to mind that would get him away from George and Dream's clutches, "I didn't take one yesterday, feel all gross."

It's not a lie; he hadn't taken a shower yesterday. He does feel gross.

"Okay, well-"

He ignores whatever George is about to say, wrenching his hand from the doorknob like it burns and practically running into the bathroom, ignoring Dream's calls too when he joins George in the hallway, just—ignoring everything.

He's not ready to deal with them yet. He's not ready to let his whole world come crashing down on him. Certainly not when he's got greasy hair, a grimy face and fucking morning breath. If he's going to get dumped, he's at least going to look presentable.

There is no making him look 'presentable' though. He knows that the moment he slams the bathroom door shut behind him, locks it, and turns to face himself in the mirror. The only good thing that's happened to him the past few weeks is the fucking pudge on his tummy is slightly better, at least, slightly smaller. His thighs look almost slim in this lighting, and his face definitely looks more chiseled.

Or perhaps the right word would be hollowed. The stupid fat might be gone, but his skin has only gotten paler, his face ashen with a greyish tint and his eyes looking almost bruised from the lack of sleep he's been getting lately. He can only imagine how they must have looked last night before he'd gotten a good sleep.

There's also the fact that he's breaking out along his shoulders—stress most likely—little red dots lining his skin that just beg to be picked and prodded at while Sapnap wills them to go away. And not for the first time in his life, Sapnap stares in the mirror wishing he could be anyone other than himself.

He stares into the mirror... Until he cries.

He doesn't waste time standing there like an idiot with snot running down his nose, though, turning on the water quickly so George and Dream don't get suspicious and come knocking to see if he really is alright. He steps under the water before it really has a chance to warm up, letting the cold shock him as he puts his head straight under, lets it wash away the tears and the heat, willing it to take all the pain along with the water even though he knows it's silly.

One shower is not going to fix two decades worth of baggage.

But it does help him feel marginally better, at least. helps clean the salt off of some of his wounds, helps clear his head a little. By the time he actually finishes up and turns the taps off, he feels like he might actually be able to handle this.

He's a grown up. He can't just dig his heels in like a little kid and pretend it isn't happening anymore. Time to rip off the bandaid.

“Sapnap,” it’s George again that stops him in his tracks, barely letting Sapnap get a foot out the bathroom door before pouncing, “once you’re dressed-”

“You wanna talk,” Sapnap finishes for him, feels himself flushing under George’s piercing gaze, “I know.” His hands start to shake where they clutch at the towel, keeping it wrapped tight around him like a shield, like he can hide away all his imperfections underneath the fabric, like George doesn’t already know every inch of him by heart.

“Oh, good,” George says, still frowning at him as his eyes trail across Sapnap’s face, “well-”

“Just-” Sapnap cuts him off, “just gimme a minute, okay?” And he turns on his heel, hurries down the hall towards his room, ignores Dream’s voice calling out to him as he passes him on his way.

The door practically slams behind him, and Sapnap lets himself slump against the wood, pretending he doesn’t hear the hushed whispers outside his door.

He takes a minute, then pushes himself off, lets the towel drop to the floor and starts getting ready. He picks out something nice, at least, by his standards; a nice shirt with the least amount of wrinkles and the only pair of jeans that actually fit him. They still have the tags on them, bought last year for Christmas but never worn because they were a size too small, and when Sapnap looks in the mirror, he still feels like shit, but at least he looks better.

He won’t look like a complete and utter idiot when he gets dumped, at least. He’ll be presentable.

Not that that’s going to change anything, all it will do is make him feel just the slightest bit better about his entire world crumbling around him.

Before he goes, he decides he’d rather not pass out from low blood sugar in the middle of a breakup, and grabs the half empty bag of Doritos he’d left on his bedside table last night. He finishes the bag off in under a minute, pops the lid of the Monster and chugs it as fast as he can, ignoring the warmth and the slightly weird taste. It’s fine. At least now he’s eaten.

He lingers as long as possible, walks with small, slow strides, pokes his head back out the door again before finally stepping back outside. He wants to get this over with, sure, but his body is fighting him at every turn.

“Sapnap,” it’s Dream that calls to him, hovering in the doorway to his room awkwardly, “in here, c’mon.”

He steels himself, takes a deep breath, and joins his boyfriends in Dream’s room. George is already waiting for him on the bed, sitting cross legged right in the middle, staring up at him with those big brown eyes and making his heart twist painfully in his chest when he pats the space next to him.

“I’m good right here, thanks.” He says as Dream moves over to sit on the other side of George. He falters with one knee on the bed, his other foot on the floor, tilts his head back to look at him.

“Sapnap-”

“I’m good.”

They share a look, concern only growing on both of their faces. He fights the urge to hit something, to feel something break under his touch so he has something to focus on instead of the burning in his heart. It doesn’t feel fair that they still get to pretend like this, doesn’t feel *right*. He doesn’t deserve to be strung along anymore.

“Sapnap,” George starts, voice soft and quiet in a way he’s never heard before, in a way that makes him want to curl up into a ball, hide himself away from them both so he doesn’t have to see the broken looks on their faces, “we just-”

And it just hits him, suddenly, that this is really happening. That they’re leaving him; his perfect, wonderful boyfriend’s, the people he treasures most in the world, just don’t want him anymore. And they’re upset about it. Of course they are. They’re good people, so, so good and so kind. They don’t want to hurt him.

That’s why they’re worried. They don’t want to break him.

“It’s fine,” Sapnap cuts George off before he has a chance to finish whatever he was going to say, feels his eyes burn, “I get it. I’m okay, I understand. It happens, it’s normal. It’s not like you *married* me or anything, this wasn’t forever. Obviously.”

He heaves a shuddered breath, barrels on before they can stop him, derail him, break this fragile mask he wears.

“I really- I really am okay, I promise I-” his voice cracks, and he swallows, digs his nails into his palms until his hands shake to distract himself from the burning in his eyes, “I’m not gonna break, I swear. I’ll be fine, you’ll be happy and I’ll be- I’ll be *fine*. It might- might take me some time but I- but I-”

“Sapnap, slow down, take a breath-” Dream says, moving toward him and holding his hands out like he’s going to fucking grab him, try and *comfort* him or something.

“Please don’t.” He says, flinching away from the contact.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees George flinch as well, like *he’s* the one about to be touched by the person fucking dumping him. Dream just looks stunned, fingers curling back into his outstretched hand.

“Please don’t *touch* me.”

They both visibly recoil from that, and Sapnap feels a small sense of satisfaction laced into the guilt. He hates hurting them, but it’s only fair when it has to be like this, isn’t it? They don’t mean to hurt him, but they’re fucking *leaving* him. He’s allowed to be angry. To set boundaries for himself.

“Not when you-” Sapnap’s voice catches and the burning intensifies until he feels white-hot tears scorch a trail down his cheeks, “not when you’re about to fucking *dump* me, I mean, how cruel is that? What, are you trying to break me or something? Because I don’t know if I can- I- if you *touch* me- I don’t think I can-”

The tears flow freely now and Sapnap brings his hands to his eyes to wipe them away, heaves in lungfuls of air, barely hanging on by a thread, stopping himself from openly sobbing by sheer willpower alone. He doesn’t know why he’s holding back still, what’s it going to matter how pathetic he looks when they’re already dumping him?

“Sapnap what the fu-” “We’re not-” George and Dream speak at the same time, the former finally crawling over from his spot on the mattress, moving quickly until he’s got his feet on the floor, until he’s right in front of him. Until they’re both in front of him, Dream joining him as well.

He gives up on wiping his tears away, using his hands instead to splay across his face, hiding it as he lets it twist in pain and grief. They shake, and when Sapnap feels gentle fingers encircle his

wrist to tug them away-

He breaks.

“Please-” Sapnap sobs, reaching out to grab onto the fronts of his boyfriends’ shirts, “please just don’t- don’t kick me out, I don’t know- I have nowhere to go, I- you’re all I have, I don’t wanna be alone again, *please*- please don’t make me leave, please, I can take being dumped, I just- I still love you, I couldn’t take being away from you I-”

He hears them talking, faintly, like soft buzzing in his ears. He can’t make it out, the world blurring at the edges, uselessly focusing with crystal clarity instead onto his fingers, desperately clutching at the fabric of their shirts and shaking, knuckles white from the force of his grip.

“I won’t get in your way, I- I can get used to it. I won’t make it weird, I promise, please just don’t-”

Slender fingers encircle his wrists once more, pull at them until Sapnap is forced to let his death grip go; he lets it happen, lets them push him away this one final time. This is how it is now, he just has to get used to it, has to get used to the fact that he can’t just cry and get what he wants. He’s a grown up.

“-at me. Sapnap, look at me.” George’s voice cuts through the haze, firm and deep in that way it only gets sometimes, when he’s giving a direct order. He finds himself complying unconsciously almost immediately.

Slowly, he brings his gaze to George’s face, brings it to his eyes so they’re properly staring at each other, and it takes everything in him in that moment to maintain it, to follow George’s orders this one last time.

“There you go,” George says, eyes briefly flickering over to Dream, though Sapnap can’t bring himself to join him in the motion, focusing instead on George’s cheek as he moves, *“listen to me. We’re not- take a deep breath, it’s okay, you’re okay. We’re not leaving you, Sapnap.”*

He doesn’t even process the words, too focused on the burning of his lungs instead, finally registering the panic that’s overtaken him.

“Sapnap-” George speaks, using that same commanding voice as his stuttered breaths become wheezes and gasps, *“breathe with me. You’re okay, we’re here, just breathe.”*

And so he tries, unable to bring himself to disobey when George is using that voice, forcing himself to slow down to match the exaggerated slow breathing of his boyfriend and struggling all the way.

“That’s it,” George tells him while Sapnap sobs, tears streaming down his face but slowly starting to lessen bit by bit, *“you’re doing great, Sap. Just keep breathing with me.”*

The blurring at the edge of his vision slowly starts to fade and Sapnap feels the familiar pull of numbness starting to drag him under now that the panic is slowly seeping away. His brain still hasn’t registered the words George spoke to him, the affirmation, the confirmation that they actually do want him. It’s too frazzled to think properly, overworked and flooded with chemicals and adrenaline.

Everything’s just struggling a little bit to recover and Sapnap feels himself sway a little under the weight of it all, wishes he could just lay down and sleep everything off. Wake up and have it all be a stupid dream, feel it fade away like water through his fingers.

“That’s better, isn’t it?” George asks him once he’s gotten Sap back to his slightly stuttered breathing, “Dream, help me get him into bed, he needs a lie down. I don’t think he’s been sleeping properly.”

Sapnap barely registers this either, but he glances over at his other boyfriend, almost completely forgotten in the chaos. And as he stares at him, he understands why Dream hadn’t been so quick to jump in like George had. Where George is calm and comforting, confident and a firm hand to keep him steady, Dream is a raging river, full of emotions that display brutally honest across his face.

Panic, buried much deeper than Sapnap’s had been, concern, guilt, fear, remorse. Basically any negative emotion Sapnap can think of. He can see the tears pooling in his eyes, Dream blinking rapidly to keep them at bay, probably just barely holding on to provide him with some sort of sense of stability or comfort. Probably trying not to freak him out even more, even if he can’t jump into action like George.

“Dream-” and there’s that voice again, stern and commanding, making Dream’s gaze snap to meet George’s eyes instantly, “grab his arm. And help me get him into bed.” He speaks plainly, simply, leaving no room for question in a way that only George seems to be able to do.

“Yeah.” Dream replies, voice even more broken than Sapnap thinks his own might be if he tried to speak as well. It’s worrying, almost freaking Sapnap out enough to send him spiralling again before George’s hands curl around his right bicep, firm, grounding. Dream joins him by grabbing his other, his touch a lot gentler but still warm, hesitant but at least *there*.

“We’ve got you, Sap,” George tells him as they gingerly lead him over to Dream’s bed, careful not to pull too hard as they support his weight, “here you go.”

He’s grateful for the help the moment they gently let him down onto the mattress, registering his weak muscles and headache that’s slowly starting to form only when he’s actually laying down. It’s weird how it happens like that sometimes, the haze of a panic attack only clearing once you’re horizontal.

“Do you mind if we-” Dream’s voice is a lot more solid than before but it’s still quiet as he reaches his fingers out, brushes them at the waistband of Sapnap’s jeans, “if we- um, take these off? Just so you’re comfortable.”

He takes a moment to process, then nods, reaching down to help undo his button, letting his shaking hands be brushed away by large, gentle ones once he’s got it. Dream tugs his jeans down his thighs while George crawls onto the bed behind him, shifting him until he has Sapnap’s head in his lap and immediately carding his fingers through damp, wavy hair.

It’s nice.

“Look, Sapnap-” Dream begins once he has his jeans off and chucked onto the floor, climbing into bed next to them both.

“Dream, not now,” George hushes him, and Sapnap can see the concern etched into the lines of his face as he blinks up at him, “he needs a moment, at least. Probably a nap. Then we can talk, okay? Sound good to you, Sap?”

He blinks, slowly. “I only just woke up,” he says, though he can already feel his eyes beginning to droop from the adrenaline drop, “and my hair’s still wet.”

George frowns down at him, drags his fingers from Sapnap’s hair to brush gently along his cheek,

glide along his lips like the promise of a kiss to come. He leans into it, presses his lips back and whines when George returns to petting his hair.

“You don’t have to sleep,” he says, voice soft and full of a warmth Sappnap had almost forgotten “I just thought you looked tired, that’s all. We can do whatever you want; you can sleep or we can just cuddle, or even talk now if you like, but I think it might be more helpful if you got some rest first. You kept tossing and turning last night, I know you mustn’t have gotten much sleep.”

“He slept with you last night?”

Dream’s voice, drifting away slowly as Sappnap lets his eyes slowly fall closed.

“Yes, remember how I said he was acting weird? He came into my room last night, crying. I didn’t think...”

“I’ve *never* seen him panic like that, I mean, it’s *Sappnap* , you know? He just always seems...”

“We should have noticed. *I* should have noticed, I should have...”

Their voices blur into white fuzz as Sappnap slips further and further away, the sound of his boyfriends’ conversation lulling him to sleep with each soft spoken word. It doesn’t take long. One minute he’s awake, the next, he’s not.

A few hours later, he comes to again.

The blinds over Dream’s window are drawn tight, blocking almost all light from getting in, but leaving just enough of a gap for Sappnap to be able to tell how late it is. Sometime in the early evening, he thinks.

And for the first time in *weeks* he wakes up with arms wrapped around him, pressed snugly between both his boyfriends, face placed on Dream’s chest and George’s arm slung around his waist, thumb trailing softly over the exposed skin of his hip.

“Hey you,” he says, and Sappnap tilts his head at a slightly awkward angle to look at him, “sleep well? You were out so long Dream ended up taking a nap too.”

He shifts to look back again, tilting his head up this time to look at Dream’s face against the pillows, slightly pink and cheeks shining with fresh tear tracks. He reaches out, lightly, bringing his hand from around Dream’s waist to his cheek and stroking his finger through the wet, frowning at the feeling.

“He been out long?” Sappnap asks, keeping his voice at a near whisper as he cranes his neck at that odd angle again to stare behind him at George. He’s propped up on an elbow, resting the side of his face on the palm of his hand while his other continues swirling random patterns onto his skin and—he looks tired. More tired than he should.

“A bit. We talked for a while, once you fell asleep,” he says, halting the movement on Sappnap’s hip, then simply laying his palm flat against his skin, “you had us both really worried, you know.”

Sappnap bites his lip, looks away, looks at anything other than his boyfriends and swallows around

the bile at the back of his throat.

“I’m-”

“Hey,” George interrupts, voice still quiet, but stern as he lifts his hand from Sapnap’s hip to grab gently at his chin, “don’t get too upset right now, okay? Just take a breath, I’m not mad.”

Not mad... How could he not be?

He swallows, nods his head slowly even if he doesn’t believe it, then reaches out to touch Dream’s cheek one last time before turning in his arms to face George. “I’m...” he takes a deep breath, struggles to meet his eyes for a few moments before finally working up the nerve, “I’m sorry I made you worry, George.”

It gets him a frown in return and a gentle squeeze to his chin before George lets it go, lets his fingers curl around the curve of his jaw instead and his thumb rests upon Sapnap’s bottom lip. “You know we love you,” he whispers, and Sapnap’s guts twist painfully, “right?”

It’s like everything hits him again, every second from the past three weeks where he’s felt like they don’t love him, every moment he was pushed away, every intrusive thought, every anxiety, fear that slowly turned into panic. All of it. And *guilt*, guilt for letting it go on so long without talking to them, guilt for making them worry, guilt for not *trusting them* to talk to him when something is wrong.

Guilt for being such a fuck up that he’d put the two people he loves most in this world through so much trouble just because he couldn’t possibly imagine them having lives outside of loving him. He’s been so *selfish*.

He shrugs. Because he really *doesn’t* know. At least, not entirely.

“You-” his eyes burn, his tongue sits heavy in his mouth, “you shouldn’t.” And he leans away from George’s touch, recoils away when he reaches out again to pull him closer.

“Don’t *say* that, Sap. Of course we should, of course we *do*, you’re the most amazing person, the best boyfriend we could have ever asked for, why would you even think we wouldn’t want you?”

It hurts. Every single word, every single syllable cuts through him like razor thin wires, stringing him along, trying to make him believe he could ever deserve their love when he *knows* it’s not true. There’s nothing in this world he could do to deserve them.

“I’m not-” he starts, takes a breath as he feels the tears gathering in his eyelashes, “I’m not *like* you two, I’m not good enough. I’m too- too loud and needy and I’m not funny or smart like you guys and I just. I just get in the way, right? You’re both so busy and I’m just the third wheel poking his nose where it doesn’t belong.”

And because George sits there, stunned, he takes the opportunity to speak while he still can. While he still has the nerve.

“You know how I am, *right?*” He spits, repeating the words Dream had spoken just yesterday, mimicking his voice and maybe overexaggerating the childish petulance just a little bit, but it’s worth it for the look George gives him.

And he turns away slightly, crosses his arms over his chest.

“Yeah,” he says, “I heard that. Real nice; I mean,” his lips stretch into a bitter smile without him

even meaning to, tears dripping from his eyelashes without his permission, “I get it. *I* know what I’m like. It’s a lot. That’s why I don’t think either of you should love me, I don’t deserve it—and from where I’m sitting, you both clearly seem to agree.”

Before he has time to process the movement, George has rolled to hover above him, one arm pressed next to his head, the other immediately going to curl at his jaw, grip firm, but not enough to hurt. He looks mad, furious even, staring down at Sapnap with a death glare to rival all death glares.

“I said- *don’t*. Say. *That*, ” George growls, fingers tightening just a fraction on Sapnap’s skin and making him wince, “we *don’t* agree. You deserve it, Sapnap. That’s not what Dream meant! We love you- *I* love you. I love you, Sapnap.”

George’s expression softens a little as he speaks and Sapnap’s breath stutters as he leans up slightly to meet him when George swoops down, presses their lips together.

“I love you,” he repeats against his lips, and Sapnap exhales shakily into the kiss, pressing back into it, seeking more, “I *love* you, Sapnap. Don’t you ever doubt that, do you hear me? I know I- I have trouble saying it, I can’t just... Do it, like you and Dream can. But I do. I love you more than anything.”

Sapnap snuffles, follows George’s mouth as soon as he’s done speaking, lets himself sink into him, kisses him like he’s drowning. Maybe he has been.

“I’ll say it as many times as you want,” George whispers, and he feels Dream’s arm slowly slide around his waist from behind, realises his light snoring tapered off a few minutes ago, “I love you,” and he presses their lips together, “I love you,” again, “I love you.”

By around the fifth time he says it, Sapnap is openly sobbing against his lips and he’s got his fingers clutching at the front of his shirt like a lifeline, like it’ll keep his head above water. He feels Dream’s lips at the back of his neck, shivers as he kisses over every inch of skin he can reach.

“I love you. Is that enough?” George pulls back, holding Sapnap back with a hand on his cheek, forcing him to stare him in the eyes instead of losing himself in their kiss, “how many times do I need to say it before you believe me? I’ll do as many as it takes. Anything. *Anything* to keep you, I *love* you. You’re mine, Sapnap.”

Dream scoffs against the back of his neck, pushes his hand underneath Sapnap’s shirt to lay flat on his stomach while he nips his teeth at the sensitive skin. “He’s *ours*. ” He corrects, sounding slightly amused and slightly annoyed.

Sapnap squirms, suddenly warm, pressed between his two boyfriends—who are apparently fighting over him now.

“Sure,” George says easily, though from Sapnap’s angle it looks more like he’s appeasing Dream’s ego than anything else, “you’re *ours* , Sap. You’re not going anywhere, alright? I don’t fucking care what happens, you’re *mine*- ours. You’re ours. And that means you don’t get to leave without a fight.”

Dream hums his agreement, and maybe from anyone else that would be a bad thing, it would be manipulative, make him feel like he couldn’t try and break up with them even if he *wanted* to, but because it’s George, because it’s Dream-

It’s different.

They'll save him from himself, cling to him as much as he clings back, lay claim to him so no one else can think about laying a finger on him. It's not about making him feel like he *can't* leave, or *shouldn't*, it's about making him understand that *they don't want him to*.

They want him to stay so badly they'd fight him even if he did try to break up with them, because they know him better than anyone else. They get his stupid brain that spirals and concocts paranoid delusions that make him push people away, they know it's not real, that he needs them more than he's ever needed anything in his life.

They know they need to make sure he really wants it before they let him break them.

He's never felt more in love with two people in his life, and he can't believe how stupid he's been this entire time, letting himself fall into the same damn trap every time, not trusting his boyfriends to help break him out of the spiral when of *course* they would.

Of course they understand him, how could he ever love someone who didn't? How could he ever truly be with people who didn't know him like a part of their soul? Didn't know how to handle him so perfectly, like they were made to fit him? Like he was made to fit *them*?

"You won't let me leave, even if I make a huge scene and embarrass myself? Yell at you like you did something wrong when you didn't?" Sapnap asks, reaching down to lay his hand over Dream's on his stomach, pressing his face into George's chest.

"You're not going anywhere, Pandas," Dream answers from behind, nipping at his neck a little more forcefully and squeezing his fingers into his stomach, "I won't let you leave us, not like this. If you wanna dump us then go right ahead and say it, but I don't think I can believe you when you act like this."

His fingers squeeze again, then spread, letting Sapnap lace them together before pulling his hand tight, his lips planting firmly on the side of Sapnap's neck, warm and wet, making his heart flutter as he feels the tip of Dream's tongue swipe lightly along his skin. George is smiling at him, grinning really, more smug than he has any right to be as he brushes the backs of his fingers down his cheek and slowly brings their lips back together again.

He melts into it, lets George set the pace instead of fighting like he normally might and loses himself in the rhythm of his lips, in his gentle touch on his cheek, in the licking at the back of his neck and the hand on his stomach, so warm and grounding, sending butterflies swooping through his core until he can't fucking take it anymore.

"If you," Sapnap gasps, whining as George chases his lips, swipes his tongue out to taste him, just barely managing to pull himself away from it as George huffs in frustration, "if you guys keep this up, I- you know I-"

Dream hums against his skin, his large hand slowly sliding down Sapnap's stomach, the kissing at his neck only growing more intense by the second as George chases his lips until he has nowhere left to go.

"You want this?" Dream breathes against his shoulder as George licks into his mouth, "we can talk if you want, but I think you'd understand *much* better if we just showed you."

Sapnap whines against George's lips as the other sucks on his tongue, Dream's hand slowly, slowly gliding further and further south along his stomach until he reaches Sapnap's boxers, their fingers still laced together. For some reason, the thought sends a jolt through him, the idea of him getting to hold Dream's hand while he jerks him off makes him feel sort of... Connected to him.

Not that he normally isn't, but there's an extra element of intimacy that just drives Sapnap dizzy with want.

"I-" Sapnap breathes, cut off by George's insistent lips, unable to help falling back into the kiss again and keening as teeth snag his bottom lip, tug it back, then release, "fuck, I- I-"

"It's okay," George says, humming against his lips, stroking his thumb along Sapnap's chin, "we've got you. We just wanna show you how much we love you, yeah? Just say the word and we'll stop."

Fuck, he thinks he might *cry* if they do.

"No," he shakes his head, then rushes to pull Dream's hand back in place when he starts to retreat, "no, I mean- keep going. Please don't stop."

George flashes his teeth in a grin, and that's all the warming he gets before their hands are suddenly all over him.

"Good boy," Dream says softly into his ear, kissing the shell of it as he shifts the hand on Sapnap's stomach, moving to unlace their fingers and chuckling softly when he whines, "just relax." Almost immediately, Dream's hand curls back around his, this time with his hand on top so he's guiding Sapnap's hand along his own body, making him touch himself.

"We've got you," George whispers, bringing their lips together a few times in soft, lingering kisses, "let us take care of you. Show you how much we want you, how perfect you are."

He whines again, a small, pitiful thing, and clutches George's shirt with the hand pressed into the mattress, Dream guiding the other back to his boxers, pushing further until he's got his fingers loosely curled around himself. The back of his neck is littered in more and more kisses and bites while George focuses his attention on Sapnap's lips like he's trying to kiss the air out of him, smother him in this overwhelming affection.

It definitely feels like he's succeeding.

"Please," Sapnap gasps as Dream's fingers pull and squeeze his own, making Sapnap's hand grab his own cock through his boxers and slowly starting to jerk him off, "god, please, I-"

George doesn't let him beg for very long, capturing his mouth in a searing kiss and refusing to let him retreat this time, licking into his mouth relentlessly as he reaches down, dips his fingers underneath Sapnap's shirt and lets his hand roam along his chest. He can barely breathe, George stealing every gasp, drinking him in greedily with each press of their lips, each slide of his tongue and refusing to even give him time to *think*.

"You're gonna have to try a lot harder than that, Sap," Dream chuckles softly, lathing his tongue over a spot on the back of his neck that makes him squirm, "you know how greedy George can be, he won't let you breathe till we've made you cum at least twice."

At this, George does actually pull from the kiss, tilting his head to place a mean bite at his jaw, fingernails dragging down his chest and making Sapnap whimper and squirm from the touch.

"George-" he gasps, feels fingers trail back up his chest again, exploring, until they catch on one of his nipples, wrap around it and pinch *hard*, "ow! George, don't punish *me*, Dream's the one that said it."

"Well I can't exactly *reach* Dream right now," George growls against his skin, licking over the bite

mark he left on his jaw, “and besides, I need to show you you’re *ours*, you belong to us and you’re not going anywhere. And I’m going to touch you,” his fingers glide along Sapnap’s chest again, softer now, “bite you,” he nips a little below his jaw, “and do *whatever* I want with you, got it? Because you belong to me. To us. And we *want* you, Sapnap.”

As he speaks, George draws back a little to stare at him in the eyes, moving the arm he’s using to prop himself up on the pillows so he can tangle his fingers in Sapnap’s hair. It’s a little overwhelming to hear those words while George is watching him like *that*, like he’s something worth looking at. Something worth wanting.

He wants to believe it. Desperately, he wants.

“I belong to you,” he repeats, gasping as Dream squeezes his fingers around himself, wraps his lips around his shoulder to suck a mark into his skin, “both of you. I’m yours. Only yours, only ever yours, please-”

He feels the rumble of Dream’s chest against his back as he growls into Sapnap’s skin, watches the way George’s pupils go wide in front of him, sees the flash of George’s tongue as it darts out to wet his lips.

“Shut up and let us take care of you,” he says, voice low and gravelly, then surges forward to kiss him senseless again, “just let us make you feel good, okay?”

“Let us show you how much we want you, you’re so perfect, Sap.”

“*So* perfect. I’d do anything for you, you know that? I’d give you everything in the world if I could, just want you to be happy. I love you. *We* love you.”

“You need to get better at this whole ‘*we*’ thing, Georgie. I’m starting to think I’m stepping on some toes here. Should I be jealous?”

“Oh shut up, will you?”

Sapnap giggles wetly as they argue, sniffing and making George’s eyes snap back to him from where he’d pushed himself up to glare at Dream over his shoulder. “I’m fine,” he reassures immediately at the panicked look he gets when he realises Sapnap’s crying, “I just love you guys. I missed you. I’d do anything for you too, I just got scared and I’m sorry.”

George’s gaze softens visibly and he takes his hand from underneath Sapnap’s shirt to pull it up to his face, reaching out and brushing away a few stray tears with the backs of his fingers gently. “Don’t be sorry, idiot,” he mutters, leaning forward to bring them together in a gentle kiss, “we’ll talk about it later, yeah? We’re not upset with you, we don’t blame you. We just want to show you how much we love you right now, yeah? But we can stop if this is getting you all worked up.”

Dream hums his agreement into Sapnap’s shoulder, his fingers having moved to rest both of their hands on Sapnap’s thigh instead, giving him the chance to breathe. It’s almost enough to make him cry more than just a few small tears this time, but he holds himself back, deciding to give George a wry smile instead.

“Oh this is *definitely* getting me ‘all worked up.’” He jokes, enjoying the roll of eyes George gives him in return for it.

“Idiot,” he chastises fondly, moving to chase his lips and capturing them in a forceful kiss, stealing Sapnap’s breath away again, “you should learn how to shut that mouth of yours sometime.”

Dream and Sapnap both giggle, the former moving to prop his chin on Sapnap's shoulder, and he doesn't need to look to know the amused, mischievous look he's giving George right now, entirely too familiar with it.

"You," Sapnap pulls away slightly to give George an impossibly wide grin as he talks, "want to kiss me *so bad* it makes you look stupid."

Dream snorts against his shoulder, tipping his head to press his forehead against Sapnap's skin while his own shoulders shake with silent laughter. George stares back at him, jaw ticking, a muscle jumping from him gritting his teeth so hard. A person with a normal level of self preservation might try and run, but since Sapnap's *not* a normal person that cares if his life hangs in the balance, he simply smiles wider, lets George pull his hair, even moans softly as he does.

"You're fucking right I do," he growls, using his new leverage to dip his head under Sapnap's jaw, pressing his lips to his pulse point briefly, before sinking his teeth into his skin, "I want to kiss *every inch* of you. You gonna stop me? Make fun of me?"

He can't form enough of a coherent thought to think of an answer to that, whining as George leaves more brutal bites along the stretch of his neck, stopping every once in a while to suck some hickies for good measure as he cradles the other side of his neck and holds him in place. God, he can't wait to see himself in the mirror now. It's been *so long* since he's been marked, he's almost forgotten what it feels like to be claimed by them.

He's sure he must look a mess, but it's okay if it's them. If *they* made him look like this.

"N-No," Sapnap whimpers, struggling between the urge to tilt his head back for better access or pull against the grip in his hair, "please do. Please, George."

Dream takes a long, steadying breath behind him and he feels George grin against his skin, a shiver running through him as the hand cradling his neck retreats slightly until just the tips of his fingers brush against his skin. He squeezes his eyes shut and just barely holds back a whine as George licks at his Adam's apple, fingers trailing down his neck, over his collarbone, his touch like a whisper.

"Then," he whispers, bringing his hand down when the neckline of his shirt stops him from reaching more of his skin, "help me get this off, will you darling?"

Sapnap whines and nods, Dream letting his hand go easily so Sapnap can shift and help George pull at the hemline until he gets it over his head. Dream uses the opportunity to dig his thumb into the waistband of Sapnap's boxers as well, dragging it slowly down and making him gasp and squirm with his shirt still at his elbows as it pulls against his sensitive skin.

He only pulls them down enough to wrap his hand around him, and Sapnap whines, hips twitching into the touch as he struggles with the stupid shirt, pouting at George who has let go of the fabric just to watch him suffer. "You look good like that." He says, eyes roaming over Sapnap's chest appraisingly as the large, warm hand around him begins stroking him slowly.

"I really doubt that," Sapnap huffs, wriggling his arms and glaring at his boyfriend when he just gets laughed at, "I *look* like an *idiot*."

George rolls his eyes fondly, leans forward to give him a quick peck on the lips, swallowing a whimper as Dream darts his thumb over the head of his cock, smearing precum down his length just to make him squirm. "You look *good*," George repeats against his lips, "when your hands are all tied up and you can't pretend to push me off when we both know you just want more."

But he gives him some mercy despite his statement, reaching up to help Sapnap shimmy the fabric past his elbows, then pulling it off with him completely, and throwing it somewhere across the room onto the floor. His hand immediately returns to Sapnap's chest as he feels Dream's lips trail down his shoulders and onto his back, and Sapnap can't help but shiver as George swoops down to nip at his collarbones.

His hands hover awkwardly above his head for a moment before he shifts, sliding one hand onto the back of George's neck to pull him closer while he moves his other back down to lay between them, slightly squashed by his own body weight against the mattress, but there's not really anywhere else to put it. Threeways while you're laying on your side don't exactly lend themselves to good angles.

But he's not complaining, not while Dream is sucking a new hickey between his shoulder blades with a hand around his cock and George is kissing his way towards one of his nipples, fingers already toying with the other, leaving Sapnap gasping and writhing underneath the overwhelming touches.

This is the last situation he'd ever complain about, especially after these past three weeks of nothing.

Sapnap's never going to let something like this happen again, if only just so he doesn't have to go without this mind-blowing sex for nearly a whole month again. His hand is nowhere near a good enough substitute.

"God, Dream-" he keens as the other kisses the middle of his back, swipes his thumb over his leaking head again and smears the embarrassing amount of precum over his length, "please, I-"

He shudders when George's mouth finds his nipple, struggling to blink down at him so he can actually see how he looks with his lips on his chest, tongue lathing against his skin. It's mesmerising, overwhelming; he's unable to focus on any one specific touch as they all blend into one, spreading heat across his skin like a raging wildfire until every nerve *burns* with it.

"Please."

Dream groans softly at the word, sinks his teeth into the soft give of his back as he speeds up his hand, stroking Sapnap in fast, small motions, barely needing to move with his large hand covering almost Sapnap's entire length. His hips twitch violently under the rough treatment, forcing his thigh back against Dream and making him wince when it connects between his legs.

"Fucking hell, almost forgot what it was like," Dream sighs, George humming his agreement against Sapnap's chest, "you make the prettiest sounds, Pandas."

He whines, long and broken, thrusting his hips ever so slightly into Dream's ruthless hand and gripping desperately onto George's neck, keeping him pulled in tight. "I can't help it," he gasps as Dream presses back against his thigh, rutting into him and moaning weakly against his back, "it's been *forever*, feel like I'm about to explode or somethin'"

His words start slurring at the end of his sentence, mind starting to go a little fuzzy as the tension inside him builds and builds and his skin starts to get slick with sweat, every single touch setting him off. He feels like a ticking time bomb, with Dream and George slowly cutting through each wire, working their way towards the one that will finally set him off.

"Yeah?" George pulls back from his chest slightly to stare up at him, smirking as he brings his hand down to dig his fingers into the soft flesh of Sapnap's inner thigh, "we've barely even started,

baby, want us to help you take the edge off? Get you off quick first?”

It’s agonising, having to think about what he wants when George has his fingers gripping his thigh and Dream’s hand is jerking him off faster and faster by the minute while his hips rock into the back of Sapnap’s leg. A small part of him kind of wants a better first orgasm with his boyfriends again than a simple handjob, but the rest of him knows if he doesn’t get off in the next thirty seconds he’s definitely going to cry again.

And he doesn’t want to do that again *just* yet.

He has *some* dignity.

Not a lot. But still.

“I-” he cuts off into a moan, reaches back to smack Dream’s arm when he laughs at him against his back, before returning his hand to George’s neck, “yes. *Yes*, please. Please, I need it, can I-?”

He can’t even finish his sentence before Dream is jerking him off like it’s his mission, using the copious amounts of precum leaking from him now to make his fingers slick. Sapnap shoves his face into the pillow to stop himself from moaning like a whore, grasping onto the front of George’s shirt as his other hand shake against his neck.

“Of course, pretty boy,” George whispers, moving his hand from Sapnap’s thigh to cup his cheek and pull him from the pillow to give him a kiss, “of course, cum for us, all over Dream’s hand. I’ll make him lick it up, yeah? You like that.”

Sapnap whines again, blinks back the sting of tears in his eyes while Dream moans softly behind him, grinding into his leg pretty consistently now as he brings Sapnap closer and closer to the edge. It doesn’t take much when George whispers things like *that* against his lips, when he pulls him into a kiss so filthy it should be illegal, when he can hear Dream panting and muttering under his breath behind him while his hand jerks furiously.

“Dream, fuck,” Sapnap gasps, the tension building and building and- “fuck, fuck, fuck.”

He cums all over Dream’s fingers, his palm, his own thighs and probably the bed a little too. There’s just. A *lot*.

Dream doesn’t seem to think it’s as embarrassing as Sapnap does, though, growling and shifting to sink his teeth into the chunk of flesh joining his neck and shoulder as he rolls his hips into him again and again, fingers unrelenting as they stroke him through his orgasm. He seems to enjoy milking every last drop out of him, slowing down when Sapnap starts to squirm and whine in protest, but stroking him until his cum starts to cool on his fingers.

“Oh darling,” George coos as he pulls back, wide eyes looking down between them to inspect the mess on Dream’s hand between his legs, “just *look* at you, fuck I’ve missed this, missed *you*. Always so pretty for us, aren’t you Sap? You should see your face right now.”

He pouts, shoving his face back into the pillow just to prove a point, a whine getting muffled into it as he squirms away from Dream’s insistent fingers. He’s barely moving them anymore, but the force from his hips grinding into Sapnap’s thigh keeps bumping him, making his grip slip and accidentally overstimulating him.

“Dre-Dream-” he gasps as the fingers squeeze, and he feels Dream lay his sweaty forehead against his shoulder blade, shifting for a better angle to press his hips firmer into Sapnap’s thigh. He doesn’t seem to hear him though, too caught up in his own pleasure as he pants against Sapnap’s

skin, hot and damp and intoxicating.

Normally he'd just let him go at it until he's satisfied himself, part of him enjoying the oversensitivity, part of him proud that he can make Dream like this. But luckily George is there to provide a firm hand. Quite literally

The hand that had been curled against Sapnap's cheek moves, stretches behind him so George can get a grip on Dream's hair and pull hard. He peeks out from the pillow to see stern disappointment set deep into his eyes, mouth curled in distaste and hovering slightly above them both.

"What do you think you're doing?" George asks, making Dream gasp and his hips stutter as he tugs his hair even harder, "this isn't about *you*, slut. Remember what we're here to do, got it? Remember your *place*."

He hears Dream huff, but he makes no protest, instead taking a few deep, steadying breaths. George lets his grip fall from Dream's hair as the man kisses gently down his shoulder blades, down the curve of his spine, moving his hips out of the way to avoid the temptation of grinding back against him again. George's hand moves instead to Sapnap's hip, touch light but grounding as he circles his thumb over the skin, giving him something else to focus on as Dream reaches the small of his back.

"Turn over?" He feels Dream murmur against the skin, and he does, slowly, Dream's hand shifting up to steady his stomach and both of them guiding him until he ends up on his back.

Now he can finally see Dream again, can drink in the flustered, overwhelmed look on his face and let his eyes trail slowly downwards until they land between Dream's legs as they shift so he's got one either side of Sapnap's calves. He smirks at the small damp spot he can see in his sweats, but doesn't have much time to tease him as he slowly lowers down and brings his mouth to his abdomen.

He licks a stripe from the V of Sapnap's hips to where his hand sits on his stomach, and Sapnap can't hold back the gasp that rips through him at the feeling. His stomach jumps under each tiny movement, and Dream smirks up at him, bats his eyelashes like the prick he is and slowly working his way until he reaches his hand. He pulls away, then, just a little bit, just enough to drag his tongue along his palm, eyes never moving from Sapnap's.

"Show off." George scoffs from next to him, though he can hear a slight roughness to his voice that tells Sapnap that it's affecting him just as much.

Dream smirks wider, glances over at George briefly to wink at him before returning his gaze to Sapnap's. Green eyes bore into his soul, liquify his insides as Sapnap watches his tongue rake over each individual finger. He pushes them into his mouth slowly, one by one, and Sapnap struggles to breathe as he watches Dream suck, then swallow, listens to his soft panting and humming like he's *really* fucking enjoying this.

Of course he is, though, Dream loves doing shit like this almost as much as Sapnap does.

He doesn't *quite* have the oral fixation like Sapnap, but god he sure does love to put his mouth to some good use.

"I think that's enough teasing," George huffs after about 30 uninterrupted seconds of Dream sucking on his own fingers like he's imagining they're something sweet, "stop being such a slut and do your job." Long, pale fingers reach to curl in golden, wavy locks, pulling on them roughly and making Dream grunt as his face gets shoved back into Sapnap's stomach.

“So mean, Georgie,” he whines, but starts dutifully lapping at the splatters of cum on his skin anyway, “you’re no fun at all.”

George rolls his eyes as Sapnap shivers, twitching as Dream’s head dips between his thighs. “You won’t be saying I’m no fun when I let you ride Sap till he cries, now will you?” George smirks, getting two pairs of nearly identical gasps, and then a whimper from Sapnap as Dream splays his fingers across both of his legs, spreading him so he can lick a stripe along the sensitive skin of his inner thigh.

His legs tremble in Dream’s touch, every lick rocking straight to his core and making Sapnap wish he could get hard again despite it being so soon after his orgasm. Still, his cock gives a valiant twitch between his legs even as it goes soft, Dream’s tongue slowly working its way upwards until he’s cleaned the mess off of both his thighs.

“Just look at you,” George coos next to him, letting go of Dream’s hair to run his fingers along Sapnap’s chest as he leans over to speak into his ear, lips brushing ever so slightly against the curve of his jaw, “god I just want to *ruin* you sometimes, you know that? When you make all those pretty noises and twitch like you can’t decide if it’s too much or if you need *more*, I just can’t stop myself.”

The lips press down, gentle and damp against his skin. Sapnap whimpers.

They move a little further up, landing just behind his ear, and Sapnap has to bite his lip to stop himself from making the same noise over and over again under George’s teasing.

“I want you so much,” he whispers, brings his hand up from Sapnap’s chest to rest on the other side of his neck, thumb stroking along the hollow of his throat, “don’t you ever think I don’t, you got that Sapnap? I don’t care what Dream says, you’re *mine*. I’m not letting you go. If it ever comes down to me or him... It’s *me*.”

Sapnap fucking *shudders*, his whole body wracking with it, insides squirming at all the implications of George’s words.

You don’t get to leave without a fight.

George will fight for him. Dream too, he’s sure, though he’d never be so blunt about it like George, too scared of backing him into a corner. It *should* feel like backing him into a corner, like locking him up and throwing away the key; it should *scare* him.

But it doesn’t.

They want him enough to fight for him if it comes down to it, even if that means taking on Sapnap himself. Maybe it’s selfish of them, but then again he is too, isn’t he? He enjoys being the center of attention, being something for them to fight over, desirable enough to be worth burning everything down for.

He’s selfish. He wants to be everything to them, like they are to him. Maybe that’s why it doesn’t scare him when they whisper those words like deadly silk threads, weaving around him in a spider’s web. He wants to be trapped by them, cocooned in their affection and intoxicating desire, no matter the risk he takes in letting them do so.

“George,” Sapnap whines after a moment, broken and breathless as Dream’s tongue reaches the base of his still soft cock, lathes over the pool of cool liquid he finds there, “oh my *god*.”

He feels George’s lips curl into a smirk against his skin, then feels them pepper a trail of kisses

back down to his jaw, thumb pressing a little firmer on his throat. “You like that?” he purrs, pressing the gentlest of kisses to Sapnap’s earlobe after he speaks, “you like hearing me *claim* you, pretty boy? I’m sure Dream wouldn’t. He wants to keep you all to himself just as much as I do.”

It’s hard to focus, but he manages to force himself to blink his eyes open, look down at the said man between his legs, surprised to finding him staring back with a rare intensity as he slowly licks along Sapnap’s length, reaching the tip and then-

Wrapping his mouth around him, making Sapnap keen, toes curling into the sheets and thighs straining as he struggles not to twitch under the attention, still oversensitive and soft in Dream’s mouth.

“I guess we’re both just too greedy,” George murmurs before gently tilting his head with the tips of his fingers, kissing his way along Sapnap’s jaw and up his cheek as Dream bobs his head leisurely between his thighs, “you make me want to be selfish, Sapnap.”

And then George’s lips are on his again, soft and warm and demanding, tongue delving into his mouth the moment he stops to take a breath and making Sapnap whimper at the desire he can feel in the motion. George kisses him like a man starving, like everything he could ever need is in Sapnap’s mouth, on his tongue, like he’d live here, if he could, their mouths slotted together and their limbs entangled.

It’s like they’re molded to each other perfectly, all three of them; puzzle pieces carved from the same wood, made to never let go. Sapnap wonders how he ever could have let himself doubt that.

“What are you saying to him?” Dream asks after they’ve barely been kissing for more than ten seconds, pulling off of Sapnap with a soft *pop* and frowning up at them both, “I can’t hear from here.”

When George pulls away from the kiss, he’s smiling, giving Sapnap a conspiratorial look as he drags his thumb across his Adam’s apple, thoroughly satisfied. “Nothing *you* need to worry about,” he says dismissively, before turning to look down at Dream, “now would you get back to your job already? Poor thing’s still soft.”

Sapnap whines at the same time Dream huffs in indignation, and he moves to grip at George’s shirt, forcing his eyes to snap back to him. “Georgie, it’s too much, please, I can’t-”

“You can,” George says immediately, tilting his head down to capture his lips in a gentle kiss, “I know you can, darling, you want to be good for me, don’t you? I bet you can get hard quicker than this. Dream just clearly isn’t doing his best.”

Dream grunts this time, leaning over to bite down on Sapnap’s thigh like *he’s* the one that just insulted him, making him cry out before he pouts, glaring down at the man between his legs. “Would you guys stop punishing *me* when one of you is mean? I didn’t even do anything.”

But Dream doesn’t apologise, leaving a small kiss against the spot instead before returning his attention to Sapnap’s cock. “Don’t act like you don’t love it, Pandas.” He says, pressing his lips to Sapnap’s tip before swiping his tongue out to run gently along his slit.

He twitches violently, the oversensitivity hitting him like a brick wall as Dream kitten licks over his head, making him keen as he curls his toes even harder into the sheets, struggling not to flinch away from his tongue every time it swipes back across him. Maybe he should be fighting this a little harder, but he can’t bring himself to push Dream away from his overwhelmed nerves when half of him just wants *more*.

“Please,” Sapnap gasps, unsure if he’s begging him to stop or keep going, “please, Dream, just-”

He cuts himself off this time, unable to finish his sentence as Dream tilts his head to lick along his length. He can feel himself twitching back to life as Dream takes him back into his mouth, the overstimulation slowly dissolving into building desire again as the blood rushes back south. Dream seems happy about it too, humming around him and smiling in satisfaction.

“There you go,” George coos when Dream pulls off for air, watching him mouthing along the side of him and huffing in lungfuls of air, “I knew you could do it, Sap. So good for me, always good, yeah? You’re doing so well.”

It’s almost too much, the sweet praise whispered against his cheek and the lips moving back to wrap around him as Dream takes him to the hilt again; he wants to cry from it all. Of course they love him, of course they want him. They’re so perfect, and he knows he doesn’t deserve them, but somehow they *want* him.

They want him.

“Georgie,” he whines, soft and broken, pressing his nose into George’s cheek as he takes a shuddering breath, “kiss me?”

He pulls back at this, staring down at Sapnap for barely a second before his face softens, an adoring smile stretching across his lips as he cups Sapnap’s cheek gingerly in his hand. “Of course,” he murmurs, leaning down and pecking his lips softly, just once, “whenever you want, Sapnap.”

This time, when George pulls him into the kiss, it’s not as demanding as before, not as intense. His lips warm him instead of scorch him, tongue like warm honey in his mouth rather than liquid fire, teetering on the edge of burning him but never quite crossing the line. It’s soft, loving, gentle in a way that’s rare when it comes to George.

“I think,” George pulls away after a few moments of kissing, staring down at him with a subtle intensity as he swipes his thumb across Sapnap’s bottom lip, dragging it along just to watch it snap back into place, “I want you to cum in Dream’s mouth. And then I’m gonna finger you till you cry, and when you’re finally begging for me-”

His thumb pulls at his lip again, drags it down until Sapnap opens his mouth, lets it inside and pushes his tongue forward to meet it.

“I’ll fuck you till you scream yourself hoarse. Sound good, pretty boy?”

He shudders, lets his eyes slip closed for the briefest of seconds while George lays his thumb flat on his tongue. He closes his lips around it, lathes his tongue over his finger, focuses on sucking it gently before allowing his eyes to flit open again. George is staring down at him with that same hungry look he’s so used to, eyes dark and piercing.

Sapnap hums, nods his head, sucks on George’s thumb one last time before he whines as it’s pulled from his mouth. “Please,” he says once his mouth is free, “please George. Please.”

George doesn’t even hesitate, leaning down to his neck and sinking his teeth into his skin like he wants to distract himself from the situation Sapnap can clearly see between his legs. He feels bad about not helping either of them out, really, it just doesn’t seem fair that he gets to cum so many times while his boyfriends are still hard and aching.

“Will you let me suck you off?” Sapnap asks after a few moments of George attacking his neck,

“please? I want to help.”

He reaches down as he talks, rests his palm against the small wet spot he can see forming on George’s pyjama bottoms, rubbing his thumb along his head and gasping softly at how much wetter the material becomes underneath him. He feels George take a steadying breath in the crook of his neck, feels his hand slip from Sapnap’s cheek to press against his stomach again, helping to hold himself up.

“God, it’s like you don’t even realise what you’re doing to me,” he feels Dream hum around him softly, laughing at how strained George’s voice comes out, “seriously, Sapnap, do you even know how much we love you?”

It’s impossible to stop the embarrassing whine that rips itself from Sapnap’s throat, impossible to stop the burning in his eyes that gradually grows and grows until he feels the tears start to wet his eyelashes. “I- I love you both too,” he whispers, moving his hand to hold George’s hip as he pulls back a little, tilts his head down to pull him in for a kiss, “I really do. Please don’t leave, I don’t know what I’d do if you did.”

At this, Dream pulls off him, kisses softly along his thigh before leaning to press his cheek against it and staring up at him with those big, green eyes, soft and warm with affection. It makes his breath catch in his throat when he pulls away from George to see it, and his blinks back more and more tears as they both run their hands along every inch of his body, comforting him.

“We’re not leaving you, Pandas.” Dream’s voice rumbles against his thigh, slightly hoarse, and he presses his lips wherever he can reach, leaving a trail of invisible scorch marks in his wake.

“Never,” George agrees, stroking his hand up and down Sapnap’s stomach and chest, “promise.”

He takes a shaky breath, reaches his hand from George’s hip up to scrub at his eyes quickly, then brings it down to tangle his fingers in Dream’s soft, golden hair, using his other to do the same with George, cradling them both tightly to him. “I’m sorry,” he snuffles, “I don’t know why I-”

“Hey,” Dream cuts him off, moving his hand to curl around Sapnap’s and dragging his thumb softly against his knuckles, “don’t be sorry, Sap, like George said earlier, we’ll say it as many times as you need. We love you. We’re staying.”

“Exactly,” George pipes in, shifting, pulling Sapnap’s hand from his hair and holding it to his mouth instead, letting his lips brush over the backs of his fingers, “*I’m* sorry that we made you feel like you couldn’t talk to us about this. I’m sorry we made you feel like we could ever possibly *not* want you. I’m sorry that you have to feel ashamed about crying like this, I know how overwhelming it must be right now, so don’t apologise Sapnap, we understand.”

It’s like a dam breaks.

He feels it coming, slowly creeping up bit by bit at first, then flooding all at once, crashing through the flimsy walls he’s managed to build back up after his breakdown earlier and completely overwhelming him. The tears start to slide down his face before he knows it, before he can even think about trying to stop it.

“Fuck, I-“ he whimpers, sniffling as he takes his hand from underneath Dream’s to wipe furiously at his face, “I just- I fucking- I love you guys, you know? A lot.”

They both split into grins, George properly kissing the back of his fingers, then flipping his hand to kiss from his wrist, over his palm, to the very tips of his fingers. Dream nuzzles into the soft give

of his thigh, plants one small kiss against his skin before pushing himself up onto his elbows and hovering above him.

“We love you too, Pandas,” he says, grins wildly down at him, “and I’m gonna suck your soul out through your dick now if you don’t mind. I think you’ve earned that.”

Sapnap giggles wetly, nods down at him and reaches to wipe away each tear that slips down his cheek, finding it difficult to stop now that it’s started and still kind of overwhelmed by everything. It’s weird to go from being completely shut out for nearly a month to doted on so lovingly in the span of a few hours. It feels like too much to take, his tolerance for their affection has dropped to almost nothing and each kiss sends him spiralling back down into tears again.

But he wants more. He wants so much more.

Sapnap’s always been a little greedy.

Dream descends back down on him without any hesitation, moving as soon as he has the go ahead and hungrily taking him back into his mouth. It makes Sapnap keen; Dream’s skillful tongue swirls around his tip as his lips stretch around him, and Sapnap can’t help grinding his hips into it, fresh tears springing to his eyes from the overwhelming pleasure.

And then his attention is pulled back to George, who is still kissing his fingers, but letting his lips linger, letting his tongue flit out against the skin and making Sapnap shiver at the unfamiliar feeling. George and Dream have both gotten their fingers in *his* mouth, sure, but neither one of them has done the same to him.

Especially not *George* of all people, but still. Here he is, slowly taking Sapnap’s fingers into his mouth, licking over then and fluttering his eyelashes at him while he hums. He can really see the appeal, now, why George enjoys getting his fingers sucked so much.

He knows he doesn’t exactly have the control here, since George is firmly, *only* a dom, but he can tell that he’s trying to give him something at least, just for today. Let him guide them a little, show that he’s willing to submit to Sapnap’s wishes, if just for a few hours. He wonders if he’d let Sapnap fuck him, if he asked.

He really, *really* wants to ask.

But he also doesn’t want to push his luck.

“Georgie,” Sapnap sighs as George’s eyelashes flutter closed and the tongue on his fingers lathes over him the same time Dream starts taking him to the hilt, “*fuck* George, I really- I really see why you guys enjoy this, I-” He cuts off into a moan as he feels the tip of his cock ever so slightly brush against the back of Dream’s throat, feeling the vibrations of his groan in response go straight through his core.

He doesn’t stop, though, actually speeds up while George’s eyes blink open again, amused and dark. He opens his mouth just a little, just so Sapnap can watch him lick his fingers in broad, slow strokes. It makes him shiver, the direct eye contact paired with the lewd sensation of George’s tongue licking in between each digit sending shocks through each nerve.

“I thought you might enjoy it,” George coos, letting the fingers fall from his mouth after a few moments of teasing him, pulling his hand back to his mouth to kiss along his palm and wrist again, “it feels nice to be on the receiving end, right? I should let you fuck Dream’s mouth with your fingers at some point, it’s so much fun when one of us does it to you.”

Sapnap snuffles, once, feeling the tears slowly starting to dry up as he grins lop-sidedly down at George. “What, I don’t get to fuck *your* mouth, Georgie?” He asks teasingly, only grinning more at the raised eyebrow he gets in return.

“Maybe if you’re a good boy,” George murmurs, shifting back up until their lips are inches apart, “I’ll let you fuck my mouth with your *cock*, but your fingers? No. I’m not *that* much of a little bitch, unlike you. I don’t just spread my legs whenever anyone asks and open my mouth like I’m thankful for anything I’m given. You make a much better whore than me, Sapnap.”

He shivers, just a little, bites his lip and watches George’s eyes follow the motion before he lets it go, leans up just slightly, just enough to hopefully push George into leaning forward too so he can press their lips together again. But he doesn’t, narrowing his eyes in amusement instead as he remains unmoving above Sapnap.

“See?” he asks teasingly, proving a point, “like I said, you make such a good little whore. And since you’ve been so good, I think I’ll let you fuck Dream’s mouth now, yeah? Maybe you can try and convince *me* later, but since he’s already here...”

With that, George sits up a little, reaches down to tangle his fingers in slightly sweaty, dark blonde waves of hair and pushes down, choking Dream on Sapnap’s cock. There’s an awful gagging sound, a few huffs and groans as George releases the hold on his head, only to push him straight back down once Dream’s just got the tip of Sapnap in his mouth.

He gags again, though a little less violently this time, and Sapnap moans low and deep, hips twitching into Dream’s waiting mouth as George holds him still. He can see tears starting to prick at Dream’s eyes too, but he knows it won’t dissolve into full on crying like it might with Sapnap, Dream’s willpower much stronger for things like this.

His eyes are full of want as they stare up at Sapnap though, despite how wet his eyelashes are, Dream makes no protest as George pushes his head down at the same time Sapnap shallowly thrusts up against his tongue, tipping his head back to groan softly when he hits the back of Dream’s throat and makes him gag again. It makes tears start to burn in *his* eyes again too, the desire in the look Dream’s giving him warming him all over, melting him underneath his intense gaze.

It’s hard *not* to cry when his boyfriend is taking his cock so nicely, hands splayed over Sapnap’s thighs just to steady himself as he lets his jaw hang loose, opening up for him so easily, being so good for him.

He’s being spoiled today.

They’re taking care of him, showing him how much they want him. He doesn’t know what to do with that except cry.

“Feel that good?” George coos at him when he notices the tears building back up again, twisting his fingers just a little in Dream’s hair to make him groan, which in turn makes Sapnap whimper and twitch, hips shallowly thrusting back into Dream’s mouth again.

“Yes,” Sapnap answers, gasping in a deep lungful of air as Dream kneads his thighs, trying to suck as best he can with George consistently pushing his head back down on Sapnap’s cock and mostly just managing to drool all over him instead, “fucking *hell* Dream, I forgot how good you are at that.”

The man in question blinks up at him with amusement, swirling his tongue teasingly just to make

Sapnap moan, then curse under his breath.

Dream's probably only slightly better than Sapnap at giving head, mostly just because he has more of the technical side of things down, knowing how to twist and curl his tongue in better ways than Sapnap, who makes up for his sloppy technique with enthusiasm.

George is just- *very* skilled all round. But that's a whole other conversation for another day.

"George," Sapnap whines after a few moments of shallowly thrusting into Dream's mouth, high and drawn-out, "please, it's so- I'm- fuck, please let me? Please, I can't take it-"

Dream groans softly around him, shutting his eyes with a determined frown before digging his nails into the undersides of Sapnap's thighs and hoisting him a little closer, bobbing his head independently of George's guidance. He pulls at his thighs at the same time he bobs his head, then snaps his eyes open, looking directly up at Sapnap, dark and hungry.

George giggles as he watches, letting his grip fall just slightly, more holding the hair out of Dream's eyes now then actively pulling on it and moving him on Sapnap's cock. "I think that's Dream's way," he says, pushes away a stray piece of hair and tucks it behind Dream's ear, "of saying 'beg *me* for permission, since I'm the one with your dick in my mouth.'"

Dream hums in confirmation, eyes unmoving from Sapnap's as he works him over, making him shiver under the attention.

"Oh." Is all he can say and Dream huffs, digs his nails in slightly just to watch Sapnap squirm and gasp.

He doesn't give him a chance to collect his thoughts again enough to beg, pulling off and immediately replacing his mouth with his hand, curling large, warm fingers back around him and beginning a relentless pace that makes Sapnap curl his toes into the sheets hard enough it hurts. "'Oh'? *Come on now*, baby, you can do better. Beg for me to let you cum down my throat. Beg for me to let you fuck my mouth like I *know* you want to."

Sapnap shivers, lets his eyes slip closed briefly as he takes a shuddering breath, trying to focus on forming a sentence rather than Dream's hand, warm and soft, moving like he's on a mission to get Sapnap off before he has a chance.

"I-" he stammers, barely able to speak through the tremble of his lips as he looks down at Dream with the most pleading look he can muster, "please, Dream? Please, I'll- I'll be so good for you, I- fuck, I swear, I'll do anything you want, please let me fuck your mouth, let me cum down your throat?"

He watches Dream take a breath, hand stuttering on Sapnap's cock before he ducks his head, whispers a curse, then brings his mouth down to press his lips against Sapnap's tip, kissing at it. "God, Pandas," he whispers, licks the small dribble of precum leaking from him, barely anything compared to how much he'd leaked earlier, "fuck my mouth, *please*."

It's been so *fucking* long since he's heard those words from Dream. So long since he's heard anything close to this. He's desperate for more, intoxicated under the weight of their affection and addicted to the high, too far gone to stop himself from being selfish at this point, even if he wanted to.

"Fuck *yes*." Sapnap hisses, pushing George's hand out of the way to grip at Dream's hair instead, twisting it in his fingers hard until he gasps, then using the opening it creates to slip his cock back

past Dream's lips again. He wastes no time, barely able to muster the strength to prop himself up with his other elbow to look down and see his boyfriend take him down his throat, but he manages it.

Watching Dream's reactions intently, Sapnap begins a fast, ruthless pace, fucking into his mouth with abandon and only letting his groans and slight gags spur him on, drive him higher. He can see Dream grinding down again, getting off to this just as much while he abuses his mouth, his hips pushing into the mattress just that little bit harder whenever Sapnap makes him gag on it.

"God *damn*." He hears George sigh from next to him, and he can see him palming himself through his pyjamas out of the corner of his eyes, can feel the bed shifting slightly as he grinds against his palm.

It feels good, knowing they're both getting off to this, to *him*.

Just that knowledge is enough to spur him over the edge, both his boyfriends unable to stop themselves from seeking their own pleasure while they watch him and (in Dream's case) are used by him.

He speeds up his thrusts just a little bit more, practically ripping at Dream's hair as he abandons any last shred of restraint he'd had left, feeling his tip ramming into the back of Dream's throat repeatedly, making him gag and groan around him. And when Dream starts to cry, he cums straight down his throat, watches the tears trail down his cheeks, watches him rut into the sheets, feels George shifting his hips into his own hand next to him and lets it all wash over him as the tension boils over again for the second time today.

"Jesus, Sap." George whispers as he slowly pulls Dream's head off him, some of his cum leaking out of his mouth and dribbling down his lips. He could tell there wasn't a whole lot that came out—after earlier, he's honestly surprised *any* came out at all—but he can't blame Dream for struggling to swallow right now. His throat probably won't be right for a few days, at least.

It's probably a little messed up that he feels good about that, but to be fair, Dream's never looked so fucking gone in his *life*.

"I—" Dream croaks, slowly, voice a whisper, hoarse and rough from the abuse, "fuck, Sap. I—"

He has to take a steadying breath then, try and force himself not to cough. Sapnap isn't surprised, Dream's voice is just *completely* gone, Sapnap has literally fucked his ability to talk, leaving him only just barely able to whisper, to move his lips around the words and hope they hear enough to get the picture.

"Fucking hell," him and George whisper at the same time, their heads snapping to each other before Sapnap's lips pull into a lazy grin, "I know that's the second time you guys made me cum today, but I swear that was the best orgasm I've ever had. Holy shit, Dream, how did you just- just *take* that?"

He tilts his head back to stare at his boyfriend in disbelief, his grin quickly turning into a smug smirk as he watches him shift, still catching his breath. On the front of his sweats, large enough that there's no denying *exactly* what it is, lays a stain in the soft fabric, dark and damning.

Dream is too dazed to answer, looking down at the mess between his legs as he pants, trying to recover his breath, his eyes slowly shifting to the sheets as he makes sure it didn't seep through. "Aw, Dreamie," Sapnap coos, just as Dream seems to decide that he hadn't accidentally stained the sheets like Sapnap already had just a little bit earlier, "did you cream your pants, baby? Humming

the mattress while I fucked your mouth?”

He hears George growl low in his throat from behind him as he sits up, smirking, deciding he'll get back to him in a minute as he reaches down for Dream, grabs his cheeks in each of his hands, pulling him closer.

“I-” Dream whispers, eyes a little unfocused as they stare back into Sapnap’s, “it- it felt... Felt good.”

His eyes flicker away as he finishes his sentence, almost like he’s *embarrassed*.

Sapnap finds it utterly adorable.

“I bet it did,” he hums, pulls on his cheeks until Dream is forced to shuffle forward, his hand slipping only once in his haste, “c’mere.”

Dream’s arms shake as he holds himself up on Sapnap’s thighs, but he manages to keep himself up long enough for him to press their lips together, slide his tongue into his mouth and taste himself on Dream’s tongue. If he hadn’t just had two orgasms back to back, *maybe* he’d feel arousal start to flare back to life in his stomach at the feeling of Dream weakly kissing him back, barely able to do more than give a few small licks against Sapnap’s tongue.

It feels so fucking good, knowing he can do this to him. But, since he *has* already gotten off twice today, all he can feel is satisfaction and soft affection as he cradles Dream’s face in his hands, kissing him senseless.

This time, he *really* won’t be able to get it back up for a while.

“You know,” he hears George say from just behind his shoulder as he sits up along with them, winds his arms around Sapnap’s waist, “*both* my boyfriends have gotten off now without me. Without even *asking* in *your* case.”

He can tell without looking that George is pointedly staring at Dream from over his shoulder as they break the kiss, seeing the guilty look that slowly morphs into an unapologetic smile as Dream’s unable to keep up the lie.

George’s fingers brush up and down his stomach and Sapnap shivers, reaches down to curl his fingers around long, pale ones, holding George’s hand as he runs it along his front. But it doesn’t stop there, doesn’t just settle into post-sex comfortable affection; instead, George kisses along his neck slowly, leaving soft, wet kisses that make Sapnap shudder in their wake.

It’s weird to have George treating him so gently, the biggest fucking sadist of them all. He knows it’s because George is trying to make things up to him, of course, but he can’t help feeling a little nervous.

Like he’s *plotting* something.

He hopes for George to just pull him into his lap, keep kissing the back of his neck and grind up into his ass, get off that way, but of course that would be too easy.

Sapnap’s not getting punished but he *knows*.

“I think it’s my turn now, yeah?” George asks innocently, trailing his fingers up slowly as he keeps kissing his neck, only brushing his fingers teasingly over Sapnap’s nipples for the briefest of moments, “after all, I *did* make you a promise.”

Sapnap's not leaving this bed for the rest of the night.

End Notes

My twitter is [Ahwuum](#) for those of you wondering!! I won't be very active but. Just in case u guys want to see me post about my writing struggles lmao

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!